

## On This Beautiful Day

On this beautiful day my mind takes walks by itself  
On this beautiful day the swans are impatient for their  
twilight silhouettes  
On this beautiful day the boats on the bay hold anchors  
On this beautiful day the smell of the ocean is bottled  
and sold far inland  
On this beautiful day the longing for the mountains is  
so general they are pulled several inches closer  
On this beautiful day the buses sing opera in the park  
On this beautiful day the sun is a razor for my multi-  
colored beard  
On this beautiful day the only girls who like my poems  
are beautiful  
On this beautiful day my car is a flowermobile on soft  
yellow streets  
On this beautiful day I am a map with moving places  
On this beautiful day I am cold sweet food  
On this beautiful day there is so much white the flags  
salute the people  
On this beautiful day sex grows from the ground and is  
watered by respectful gardeners  
On this beautiful day permission is automatic  
On this beautiful day each beautiful girl is for everyone  
On this beautiful day the viginity of mothers is renewed  
and sits beside them on the grass  
On this beautiful day the linen clings to the body with  
love  
On this beautiful day the legs of young women continue  
forever  
On this beautiful day criminals shed their desperation  
and begin autobiographies  
With the word on this beautiful day

## Germany

Last night I tried and failed to write something about  
Germany  
Germany remains unknown in my mind  
And therefore even more beautiful than its language full  
of sneezes  
Germany has a history of various vegetables the meals of  
the mighty  
Germany rings with folk tales involving fairies incredulous  
at stupidity  
Germany has a national product of wasps

And when Germany buzzes over the stock market the memories  
of London start to quiver  
The pure air in its factory cities amazes the frogmen of  
other worlds  
I recall my first whiff of Germany in 1939  
When its odor of a rotting lily swept me up from my  
childhood  
Into an advanced age which lasted only a few minutes but  
was unforgettable

-- Pete Winslow

San Francisco, California

### Three Poems from ANIMALS THAT STAND IN DREAMS

#### Two Coyotes

- 1  
My sleep is touched  
with the corpses  
of coyotes  
    scalped and floating  
they come around  
the bend of  
    the river  
  
dog masks  
  
dreaming in the green water.
- 2  
In the long grey days  
of childhood  
    they appeared  
talked about in poultry stores  
on saturday  
  
or sometimes  
in the country  
with no one around for miles  
they would be there  
drying  
threaded on fences  
  
their teeth  
their tangled smiles  
waving in the grass.